

DEDICATION

1501/148

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady LOUISA CONOLLY.

MADAM,

IT is natural for Poets, who derive much of their Merit from the Influence of Beauty, and often owe much of their Existence to high Rank, to look up to both for Protection. Whose then can the Author of the following Poem more properly solicit than your Ladyship's, in whom elevated Rank, and captivating Beauty happily unite, and who is more admired for the Endowments of the Mind than for your high Nobility and ample Fortune?

I have some Vanity in acknowledging the Honour you have done me, of permitting this Address; for it tacitly implies your Ladyship's Approbation; and I

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flatter myself, that the Imperfections of my Performance will, in a great Measure, disappear under the Lustre of your high Station, and the Sanction of your Judgment.

However strong my Inclinations may be to expatiate on your Ladyship's Accomplishments, both natural and acquired, I must restrain them, lest I should expose my own Weakness, by enlarging on a Topic, that I am certain the Public have already conceived a true and adequate Idea of; besides, Madam, he would only lay himself open to the Shafts of Ridicule, who should attempt to impose on your Ladyship's good Sense and clear Judgment with any Thing that tended to Adulation.

Cicero* has some where in his Offices an Adage, implying, " That Life, though crowned with every Blessing, if spent in Solitude, and separated from Society, were less eligible than Death." I think, Madam, you will give your Assent to the above Proposition, and agree with me, that the Pleasures of Society are the purest and most satisfactory that this World can afford; I mean that Kind of Society where chaste good Humour, easy Affability, benevolent Wit, and refined Taste revel round the sprightly Board, under the Influence of all the social Virtues.

It is no Wonder that your Ladyship is so completely accomplished to preside in, enliven, and adorn
such

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such Society ; you have it by right of Succession, descended as you are from a Father, whom his late Majesty, of ever glorious Memory, esteemed as the finest and most accomplished Gentleman in his Dominions, and whose Duchess was an Ornament to the Court, so that it would be very extraordinary, were you any other than what you are.

Virtue is the Basis upon which such Society must be founded, it may be considered as the heavenly Cement uniting congenial Souls, encreasing their Joys, and diminishing their Cares in a duplicate Proportion.

Good Sense is the immediate Handmaid and Concomitant of Virtue, of heavenly Extraction, and interwoven with our Being, heightens every social Joy, and is another essential Ingredient for fixing and promoting such Society. The only Quality I shall further mention, is good Nature, a Word (as the immortal Dryden has observed) much abused; like Gold, the purest of Metals, it gilds and adorns wherever it appears: it is the cordial Drop of Life, and guides us in the ways of Truth and Virtue. I shall not enlarge on these Topics, nor run the Hazard of offending your Ladyship's Delicacy, by dwelling too much on your amiable Character, or expressing, at large, my Veneration for your many illustrious and unaffected Virtues.

I hope,

I hope, and doubt not, the Reader will agree with me, that no Lady possesses more fully the different Accomplishments and Qualities I have hinted at, as necessary for promoting and cultivating the most perfect Society. In whose Life and Manners is Virtue more conspicuous, or in whose Conversation is found more ripened Judgment or solid Sense? Who feels more truly the Distresses of your fellow Creatures, or more readily gives the generous Relief? Who more inclined to put the best and most favourable Construction upon the Words and Actions of others?

It is Your Ladyship's peculiar Happiness to please every Body; and your own happy Disposition to be pleased communicates general Satisfaction: While such is your Conduct, that Envy is disarmed, and all allow you do Honour to your high Station.

In short, Madam, the Integrity of your Actions, and the Sincerity of your Words, with a Promptness to do good, and a Steadiness to avoid Evil, with a Heart free from the least Tincture of Envy or Vanity, makes you happy to yourself, and useful to others, and are the Reasons why I ventured thus to approach you, and to lay the following Lines at your Feet.

I know by Experience what I affirm to be true, as I have the Honour to be personally acquainted with your Ladyship; and am very conscious it is not in my Power,
by

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by any Means, to represent your many unaffected Virtues in adequate Terms.

I have already encroached too much on your Leisure ; and shall only add, that it will give me great Satisfaction to find that the following Performance will not be thought altogether unworthy of your Protection ; and though I fear the Test of your Judgment, yet I am not without Hopes, that your prevailing and ruling Principle, Good Nature, will induce you and the Reader to overlook the many Faults that may appear to their better Judgment and superior Taste, as the Author has the Honour to be, Madam, with all possible Respect, and the most perfect Esteem,

Your Ladyship's most devoted,

and much obliged,

Humble Servant,

LONDON,
March 2d, 1761.

WILLIAM BALFOUR MADDEN.

DEDICATION

My dear friends, to whom I am indebted for the many kind words and suggestions which have been so graciously offered to me in the preparation of this book.

I have already received many kind words and suggestions from you, and I am sure that the book will be found to be a most useful and interesting one. I have also received many kind words and suggestions from the public, and I am sure that the book will be found to be a most useful and interesting one.



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B E L L I S L E,

A

P O E M:

Inscribed to Sir RALPH GORE, Bart.

DRUSUS*, accept the Tribute of a Friend,
His Theme, your Merit, and your Fame his End.
When torn by Honour, from each social Band,
Your Weeping Kindred, and your native Land;
Glory thro' many a deathful Field you fought,
And in far Regions for your Country fought.

* Sir Ralph Gore, Bart. is the Person here alluded to, under the feigned Name of Drusus: He served his first Campaign in the Year 1744, in French Flanders, under Marshal Wade, in the Year 1745, fought under the Banners of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, was a Captain in Johnson's Regiment, and was wounded severely by a Musket-ball in the Arm.

He was at the Battle of Rocoux in the Year 1746, when the Allied Army was commanded by Prince Charles of Lorraine, and the English by Lord Ligonier, and fought against the Rebels in Scotland the latter End of the Year. In the Year 1747 he served under his Royal Highness the Duke, and was at the Battle of Lafelt. In the Year 1748 served at Home, under his Royal Highness the Duke. He now commands the 92^d Regiment of the Donnegal Light Infantry, under the Auspices of our illustrious and glorious Monarch GEORGE III.

B

My

My anxious Soul still kept your Steps in View,
 And, safe from Danger, often figh'd for you.
 Mark'd all your Motions thro' th' embattl'd Plain,
 Wept o'er your Wounds, and ficken'd at your Pain,
 Smil'd at the Trophee and the laurel'd Crown,
 And fondly triumph'd in his Friend's Renown.

At length restor'd, with full and due Acclaim,
 By Joy preceded, waited on by Fame,
 Your safe Return glad Hibernia meets,
 The best and bravest of her Sons she greets;
 Applauding Crouds your welcome Presence grace,
 And Friendship clasps you with a strict embrace.

No longer now the scenes of Death delight
 The ranging Squadrons and deforming Fight;
 Far other Cares, your Patriot Mind engage,
 Amid the Good, the Social, and the Sage.
 In Senates to assert the public Cause,
 To weigh the deep Solemnity of Laws,
 With balmy Hand, his Country's Wounds to heal,
 And prop the Basis of her tottering Weal.

And now his spacious Board with Plenty crown'd,
 His Guests and boon Associates smiling round.
 With pleasing Converse he regales their Taste,
 And gives a richer Flavour to the Feast.
 Now makes the Joke, and genial Glas to flow,
 The Eye to sparkle, and the Cheek to glow;
 And gayly blends the circulating Bowl,
 With social Mirth, the Nectar of the Soul.



Thus wisely living at his gay Retreat,
 His Bard attends, a Bard becomes the Great;
 A Bard, the meanest of the tuneful Train,
 Yet warm'd by Friendship to an equal Strain.

All hail Bellisle, unrival'd Mansion hail!
 Woods, Lawns, and circling Waters, Hill and Dale!
 On thee has partial Nature pour'd her Store,
 So fondly lavish, Art can add no more.
 Thee to describe I enterprize with Awe,
 And trembling sketch, what none alive can draw.
 To thee from ev'ry Quarter haste the Gales,
 Dwell on thy Waves, and breath upon thy Vales.
 Sooth'd into Zephirs here the Winds relent,
 And thro' thy Branches, whisper their Content;
 Loth to deface thy Flowrets as they pass'd,
 Or greet thy beauties with too rude a Blast.

Oh! might I hope with simulating Grace,
 To emulate the Wonders of thy Place.
 Wide as thy fair Expanse, of Waves to flow,
 Bright as thy Scenes of varying Tints to glow.
 High as thy Cloud-capt Mountain to ascend,
 Rich as thy flow'ry Vallies to extend.
 Then should Bellisle surpass Arcadia's Plains,
 Or Cowper's-Hill, in Denham's epic Strains.
 And ce'n aspire with Windsor to engage,
 That lives to Fame in Pope's eternal Page.
 Now Bellisle's Groves and aromatic Bowers
 Appear before me, by Poetic Powers.

Delightful Scenes, in quick succession pass,
By Verse reflected in the mental Glass.

We list not to invoke the Pow'rs Divine,
Of laurel'd Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine :
Nor borrow Passion from the Cybil's || Cell,
Nor drain the Dregs of Aganippe's § Well.
More genial Pow'rs our swelling Breast inspire,
And with a warmer, dearer Rapture fire ;
Three here with no fictitious Beauties warm,
Beyond the Sisters three times three, in Form ;
* Amanda, † Sylvia, ‡ Stella, these we stile
The living Muses of Hibernia's Isle.
Or Graces Daughters of Olympick Jove,
Or Godeffes who erst on Ida strove.
Or each sufficient on a second Green,
From Juno, Pallas, and the Paphian Queen.
Were I the happy Paris of the Day,
To bear the Prize for Charms and Worth away :
For them my nightly Meditations wakes,
From them its warmest Inspiration takes.
Instructs the Verse with kindred Grace to please,
To flow with Elegance, to turn with Ease ;
Prometheus like, with Boldness to aspire,
And at their Eyes light up poetic Fire.

|| Cybèle was the Daughter of Heaven and Earth, and Wife to Saturn ; was worshipped by her Priests with the Sound of Drum, Taber, Pipe, and Cymbal.

§ A famous Well in Bœotia, by Mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses.

* Lady Louisa Conolly. † Lady Gore. ‡ Miss Frances Conolly.

Peace

Peace to the Joys the sportive Country yields,
 The gurgling Rivulets, the bleating Fields,
 The chirping Hedges, and the warbling Groves,
 The cooing Eloquence of am'rous Doves.
 The whistling Plowman, the resounding Flail,
 The rural Sonnet at the milky Pail,
 The Star-bespangl'd Eve, the Morning gay,
 That breathes the tedded Fragrance of the Hay;
 The steepy Forest, and the tangled Brake,
 The headlong Heav'n, and Landscape in the Lake.
 The boundless Verdure dropt with balmy dew,
 The vaulted Canopy, of radiant blue.
 The fresh Expanse of Æther, spread between,
 The breezy Rapture and the still serene.
 Here, here the Joys and Charities unite,
 Here mental Wisdom weds with Heart Delight;
 Here Innocence is Contemplation's Heir,
 Here Virtue turned to Pleasure, laughs at Care;
 Frees ev'ry opening Sense from Guilt's controul,
 And ent'ring sinks in Peace upon the Soul.

Thus was Bellisle, by forming Heav'n design'd,
 The Model of its Master's radiant Mind;
 Justly beneficent, serenely great,
 Humanely bold, and carelessly compleat.
 Gay without Rudeness, frank without Offence,
 Tempering light Sallies with the Weight of Sense.
 Humbly superior, easy without Art,
 His Manners take their Polish from his Heart.
 Such are thy Lineaments, illustrious Youth,
 From Nature copied, by the Hand of Truth:

Such:

Such to the Public is the Portrait known,
Of Drusus, yet, which Drusus will not own.

To Boat's the Word, to Boat, to Boat they cry,
The Waters, Woods, and ecchoing Hills reply.
Rouz'd at the chearful Summons, one and all,
At once we issue from the sounding Hall.
Adown the sloping verdant Lawn we run,
Full in our Sight descends the glowing Sun,
The glad Attendants pour obsequious round ;
Oars, Nets, and ready Tackle spread the Ground.
A sumptuous Pinnacle near the Beach reclin'd,
Spreads her bright Pennants to the curling Wind.
Eager to quit the Firmness of the Land,
Each Hero takes a Goddess by the Hand.
We mount the Deck, the sprightly Clarions found,
Inspir'd we hear, and look with Rapture round.
Here vivid Levels from the Prospect fly,
There the brown Umbrage bounds the searching Eye.
Aspiring Woods here scale th' æthereal Height,
Here mingling Lawns break chearful on the Sight.
There pendant Forests skirt the winding Shore,
Forests with Moss, of former Ages hoar ;
Within the Waters, downward, Forests grow,
And touch the Distance, of the Sky below.

Far to the Front extends the Lake's Expanse,
The Sun-Beams, on the curling Surface dance ;
From Shore to Shore a dazzling Passage glow'd,
And pav'd, with liquid Gold, our watry Road.

Puff'd

Push'd from the Beach, we launch into the Deep,
 Respondent Oars a timely Measure keep.
 We leave the lessening Objects far behind,
 We spread the fluttering Canvass to the Wind.
 On ev'ry Hand, to our admiring Eyes,
 New Prospects open, and new Scenes arise.
 Again those Scenes and Prospects die away,
 Again those rise to Sight as those decay.
 To right, to left, or whither moving round,
 Our View a Group of circling Islands bound.
 We row, and now again, on either Side,
 The Prospects vary, and the Lands divide,
 With sudden Inlet, and with new Delight;
 Long watry Vistas stretch before the Sight;
 Nor give a Limit to the wondring Eye,
 Save by black Mountains, or cerulean Sky.
 For as Heav'n's Azure boundlessly display'd,
 With Stars of thick Irradiance lies inlaid.
 Such, and so fair, this inland Ocean smiles,
 Gemm'd with an Affluence of disparting Isles.
 All happy Isles, as those Hesperian named,
 By pristine Bards, for pristine Beauty fam'd.
 Whose Orchards bowed beneath the bloomy Load,
 With Fruits of Golden Vegetation glow'd.
 But here we boast no Fables like to these,
 In his wide Circuit over Lands and Seas;
 The Sun from North to South, from East to West,
 Sees none so bright, so beaut'ous, or so blest'd.

These he beholds, as Gems with varying Pride,
 Set in the Silver of the circling Tide;

For

For Ev'ry Isle assumes a different Grace,
 And claims a Form peculiar to its Place :
 These with shagg'd Horrors, and a fearful Steep,
 Impend and threaten to o'erwhelm the Deep.
 These in chaotic Rocks, of monstrous Size,
 And Figures of romantic Wildness rise ;
 In Robes of Ruffet Tincture these are seen,
 These clad in Groves of everlasting green,
 While others with Autumnal Foliage glow,
 Dipt in the Colours of the show'ry Bow.

And now we ship our Oars, our Anchor cast,
 And bind the furling Canvas to the Mast.

We seize our Rods, the circling Links untwine,
 And to the Gale let loose the flowing Line.
 Destruction to the Finny Race we breath,
 And beat the Barb, that subtledly lurks beneath.

Fair Regent of the Day, with Honours graced,
 Lo, in the midst, was gentlest Sylvia plac'd ;
 As Cleopatra on the Cydnus, seen,
 Of ev'ry Heart, as well as Ægypt—Queen ;
 For Grace peculiar, Sylvia, take the Prize,
 Good, fair, and faithful, charitable, wise.
 Ye blooming Nymphs, from her Example know,
 That gentle Manners conquer all below.

Dear to us all, and lovely to the Sight,
 Amanda fits like fairest Amphitrite,
 Drawn in her Car of Pearl, while Tritons sound
 The vocal Shell, and Dolphins sport around.

See !

See ! Stella moves, in Gesture, Face, and Air,
Ev'n as the Sea-born Aphrodite Fair :
When first to Sight, her radiant Form she rais'd,
And wond'ring Mortals worshipp'd as they gaz'd.

Each Nymph assumes a Rod, the tap'ring Wand,
Trembles within the Whiteness of their Hand.
The Lines fly off, from whose immersing Ends,
The dancing Cork, and covert Steel depends.
From every Nook the bright-ey'd Perch resort,
And dare the tempting Dangers of the Sport.

The first Success to Sylvia's Art was due,
Light o'er the Wave her glitt'ring Prize she drew ;
Stretch'd on the Deck, the little Struggler lies,
And, panting, spreads its scarlet Finns, and dies.

Amanda bore the second Prize away,
And shew'd, exulting, her resplendent Prey.
Then, swiftly drew, the Scales reflect the Light,
And cast a Gleam of Silver cross the Sight.

Fortune, the third Success to Stella brought,
By such an Angler who would not be caught?
Again she whirl'd her slender Line, and strait
Another Perch takes down the fatal Bait.
Compassive Sentiments her Bosom fill,
The Virgin sighs, and kindly mourns her Skill.
Back to the Flood the glitt'ring Prey she cast,
Again the Fool returns, again is fast.

Ah! tempting Anglers, tell us whither lies
 This fond Enchantment, in your Hands, or Eyes?
 Do ye, like Basilisks, as Authors say,
 With fascinating Looks, attract the Prey?
 Or does your Rod, like Circe's charming Wand,
 Receive its Magic from the witchful Hand?
 Whate'er our Doom, we yield to Beauty's Law,
 None can resist whene'er you please to draw.

Now, the broad Sun descends the western Steep,
 And shoots a level Radiance o'er the Deep.
 The Gales recline upon their watry Bed,
 And ev'ry Wave uncurls its sinking Head.
 We now no more the pleasing Task pursue,
 One hundred caught, we bid the Lake adieu.

We launch our Oars, To Land, to Land, they cry,
 The lusty Boatmen ev'ry Nerve apply.
 On either Hand the Coasts partake our Speed,
 And from our parting Stern with Haste recede.

Soft Flutes, and Clarions, breathe their sprightly Notes,
 Thro' the still Air, the wafted Music floats;
 Chear'd by the Symphony, smooth Erne smiles,
 And Echo answers from the circling Isles.

We gain the Shore, descending Vapours shun,
 And part Hibernia * at departing Sun.

* The Name of a Boat, equally famous for good sailing and elegant Ornaments.

Our late Return, a ready Banquet meets,
 And with a Steam of quick'ning Odour greets.
 Happy and chearful we prolong the Feast,
 And add the Charms of Converse to the Taste.

Surrounding Tapers now renew the Day,
 The Banquet to the enliv'ning Glafs gives Way ;
 Bright as the Morn, our ruby'd Nectar glows,
 Free as the Wine, our Conversation flows.

All mean Ideas in our Mind suppress
 Now Mirth and Love expands each friendly Breast.
 The jocund Hours on Silver Pinions fly,
 Old Time grew young, and nimbly caper'd by.

Ill fare the churlish Boors, however stil'd,
 Who from the social Board the Sex exil'd.
 The gentle Sex, whom God and Nature made,
 Our Good, our Joy, our Solace, and our Aid.
 Whose dulcet Manners, and whose Form imparts,
 Joy to our Eyes, and Pleasure to our Hearts.
 Who sooth the furious, and the rude reclaim,
 And harmonize the Discord of our Frame.

When from the festal Room they glide away,
 With them goes Joy, as with the parting Day.
 The Soul's divine Compunctions are defy'd,
 We cast the Rein of chaf'ning Silk aside.
 And to the Heart-felt Blis of Virtue's Lore,
 Succeed licentious Riot and Uproar.

Then are the Gates unbarr'd, of Death and Sin,
 And Bacchus and his Tygers enter in.
 Silenus next, who for a Wit must pass,
 And not unfitly, seated on an Ass.
 Priapus follows, with his Foot obscene,
 And grining Satyrs close the horrid Scene.
 If Wine and Ate hap not to invite,
 The Centaurs and the Lapythæ in Fight.

Far different Transports dignify Bellise,
 And o'er the Bacchanalian Revels smile.
 We look with Pity on the Scenes below,
 Scenes of short Rapture, bound to lasting Woe,
 The moral World o'erthrown, by Passions blind,
 And fitful Gleams, the Chaos of the Mind.
 No ribald Mummeries, or Jest's obscene,
 Come from the honest Heart, or Soul serene.

From Men of Letters, sensible, and sincere,
 The coyest Maid has no Offence to fear.
 Where Reason sheds clear Radiance to the Sight,
 And Virtue is the Source of pure Delight.

The Glory on each Feature is express'd,
 And intimates the Heav'n within the Breast.
 Such is the Bliss of this distinguish'd Place,
 Where letter'd Sense unites with female Grace;
 Where Freedom acts with Elegance and Ease,
 And levell'd by good Nature, Point can please.

Here

Here the gay Fair, all-tempting to the View,
 Yet sure of the Respect to Virtue due,
 Gladly descend the titled Steep of Pride,
 And cast the Coil of State and Form aside.
 Our Mirth with sprightly Sallies they excite,
 As Light'ning nimble, and as Light'ning bright.
 Caught in the kindling Rhapsody, we burn,
 And the like Measure that we take, return.
 So flies the feather'd Cock from Hand to Hand,
 When Boards of emulating Skill withstand,
 Repuls'd with equal Art, 'tis here, 'tis there,
 And floats a new Inhabitant of Air.

Young Atticus, in whom we see combin'd,
 An open Heart, with a discerning Mind;
 Who loves to cherish in another's Breast,
 The Worth of which he is himself possess'd;
 That night for Humour brilliant, free, and gay,
 Carried the long contested Prize away.
 His Turns of Wit we relish and admire,
 And to like Excellence in vain aspire.

The Clock strikes Twelve, upon the Silver Bell,
 We rise, and each repeats a fond Farewell.
 In gentle balmy Sleep we now repose,
 That heav'nly Comfort to all human Woes;
 The Cordial mild, for anxious Grief and Care,
 Wisely ordain'd, our Nature to repair;
 Sunk in Oblivion, all the Senses rest,
 And calm the Motion of the swelling Breast.

Where

Where Virtue daily wakes, within the Mind,
 No Want of Cordials to make Somnus kind.
 Inclined on Down, and wrapt in snowy Lawn,
 We stretch our careless Limbs, and sleep till Dawn.

With rosy Streaks Aurora gilds the Morn,
 Saddle the Horses, Huntsman, wind your Horn:
 With Transports its enlivening Sound we hear,
 And our light Hearts beat Measure to our Ear.
 We boot, we spur, all eager for the Chace,
 Our active Limbs quick flowing Spirits brace.
 At the least Hint, the willing Servants move,
 Prompted by Duty, and inspir'd by Love:
 To Horse, to Horse, our hunting Whips in Hand,
 Instant we mount, for Drusus gave Command.

Twice twenty Hounds of well known Lineage bred,
 Soon o'er the dewy Lawn in Silence spread;
 Till Dashwood open'd, and Bumber, ever true,
 Frolick and wanton, all the Pack hark too.
 In Chorus then, the merry Dogs unite;
 The Fox broke Cover, and flew off like Light.
 Tally we shout, and o'er the Valley sweep,
 With Steps more lab'ring, climb the rugged Steep.
 While to the Music of the mettled Hounds,
 The vocal Wood, and answering Hill refounds.
 To seize our Prey, we press with eager Speed,
 O'er Walls and Ramparts springs the flying Steed.
 Still forward, our impetuous Course we ply,
 And back both Hills and Vallies seem to fly.

Not



